

THE Valorous Acts performed at Gaunt.

By the Brave Bonny Lass *Mary Ambree*,

Who in Revenge of her Love's Death, did play her part most gallantly. To the
of, *The Blind Beggar*, &c.



When Captain Courageous, whom Death could not
Had roundly besieged the City of Gaunt, [daunt, When brave Serjeant Major was slain in the Fight,
And manly they marched by two and by three, Who was her own true Love her Joy and Delight;
But the foremost in Battle was Mary Ambree. She swore unrevenge'd his Blood should not be,
Was not this a brave bonny lass Mary Am' ree.

Thus being enforced to fight with her Foes,
On each side they seemed most fiercely to close;
Each one sought for Honour in every degree,
But none so much won as Mary Ambree.

She cloathed her self from top to the toe,
With Buff of the bravest, and seemly to show;
A fair Shirt of Male over that stripped she,
Was not this a brave bonny lass Mary Ambree.

A Helmet of Proof she put on her Head,
A strong armed Sword she girt on her side;
A fair goodly Gauntlet on her side wore she,
' Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

Then took she her Sword and her Target in hand;
And called all those that would be of her Band;
To wait on her Person there came thousands three,
' Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

Before you shall perish the worst of you all,
Or come to any danger of Enemies thrall;
This Hand and this Life of mine shall set you free,
' Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

The Drums and the Trumpets did sound out Alarm,
And many a hundred did lose Leg and Arm;
And many a thousand she brought on their Knee,
' Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

The Sky then she fill'd with the smok of her Shot,
And her Enemies Bodies with Bullets so hot,
For one of her own Men a Score killed she,
' Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

And then her false Gunner did spoil her intent,
Her Powder and Bullets away he had spent;
And then with her Weapon she slasht them in three,
' Was not this a brave bonny lass *Mary Ambree*.

Then took she her Castle where she did abide,
Her Enemies besieg'd her on every side;
To beat down her Castle-walls they did agree,
' And all for to overcome *Mary Ambree*.

Then took she her Sword and her Target in hand,
And on her Castle-walls stoutly did stand;
So daring the Captains, to match any three,
' O what a brave Captain was *Mary Ambree*.

At her then they smiled, not
That she could have perform
The one said to the other,
This gallant brave Captain

Why, what do you think,
Unto these brave Soldiers I
A Knight, Sir, of *England*
Whom shortly we mean to

No Captain of *England*, &
Two Breasts in my Bosom
No Knight, Sir, of *England*.
But even a poor bonny lass

But art thou a VWoman, as
That hath made us thus spee
The like in our lives we ne
And therefore we'll honour

The Prince of great *Parma*
VWho long had advanced t
In Token he sent her a G.
And said she should be his

VWhy, what do you think,
Though he be a Prince of
It shall not be said in *Engla*
That a Stranger did marry

Then unto fair *England* she
St I holding the Foes of
In Valour no Man was ever
' VWas not this a brave be

In this VWoman's Praises
VWhose Heart was approved
Let all sorts of People wate
' Sing forth the brave *Valour*

